

Say It's Not So, Agent 007

Is nothing sacred? Are there no foundations firm enough on which to build? Now that the most cherished dream of millions of us little people has been casually crushed can we ever have faith in anything again?

I'm speaking, of course, of the item in Newsweek which says that James Bond, Secret Agent 007, wears a toupee.

It isn't actually Mr. Bond who wears the toupee, naturally. It's Mr. Sean Connery, who plays Mr. Bond in the movies. But the two are one in the hearts of us all. And to read that Mr. Connery "wears a toupee to cover a receding hairline . . ."

Excuse me, it's difficult to go on. I suppose it's because deep within the recesses of our souls, we knew it all the time. Oh, we could watch the dashing Mr. Bond cavorting on the screen with all those scrumptious young ladies and smashing the insidious SMERSH conspiracy with one hand tied behind his back. And, oh, how we identified with him. He was us and we were him. But in our heart of hearts we always knew how it really was.

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There we are, James Bond, 007, our trusty Beretta strapped under our armpit, hoping it won't start up that rash again and trusting the bulge won't show. The bulge over our belt buckle, that is. Miss Pennyweather sidles up to us and whispers sibilantly that "M" wishes to see us. Miss Pennyweather is 67 years old, has two merit citations for never being tardy and acute halitosis.

M looks up from his desk as we nervously enter. "Several things, Mr. —uh— let's see, Bond, isn't it?" he says. "You've been spending too much time hanging around the water cooler, you'll have to stop eating your mashed potato sandwiches at your desk—the crumbs bring mice—and, oh, yes, I've got a job for you.

"Some nonsense about an international conspiracy called SMERSH. But somebody's got to check it out. Hop a streetcar down to the Bureau of Archives. And don't come back, Bond," M concludes grimly, "without a receipt for the carfare."

Our 007 rating gives us a license to keep books out overdue. So it is with purposeful confidence that we begin chasing down clues, such as: "Conspiracies, international, current." The librarian is inordinately helpful. Her name is Prissy Galore.

In the third week of our search she languorously removes her bifocals and whispers, "Do you like boiled haddock, Mr. Bond?" How did she know? That night, in her flat, she serves the best boiled haddock we ever ate. Carried away by our passion for boiled haddock we are about to pop the question. She mentions that being a librarian is only a side job. She really works for SMERSH and her boss, Goldfinger, is at the door!

After a dramatic struggle, we manage to draw our Beretta, which got tangled in our suspender. Feeling silly we point it at Goldfinger. "Poof!" he says, while we are on our hands and knees, searching for our toupee, he escapes and calls the cops. For it turns out that he's Homer T. Goldfinger, regional sales manager of the Smeh Door-to-door Genuine Nylon Stocking Sales Co. The boiled haddock came from the delicatessen, Miss Prissy Galore is actually 47 and can't cook, the . . .

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No, I can't go on. The trouble with real life is that it's too much like real life. And I'll thank Newsweek to stop pointing this out. Next thing you know they'll be saying our political leaders have their defects, too. Just as you and I.



GARDEN PLANNERS . . . Looking over the South Coast Botanic Garden site during recent inspection visit are (from left) Mrs. Gertrude Woods, youth education director for Los Angeles County Department of Arboreta and Botanic Gardens; Mrs. R. G. Lusian, president of the Silver Spur Garden Club; and Mrs. Frances Young, president of the South Coast Botanic Garden Foundation. The Silver Spur Garden Club donated \$200 to the Foundation to be used in developing a Youth Education Program at the botanic gardens.

Your Second Front Page

Press-Herald

JULY 28, 1965

C-1

Ann Landers Says

Bill Sounds Like A Wet Wick to Me



Dear Ann Landers: I read with interest the letter from the 45-year-old widow seeking to re-enter the business world, and found all doors closed until she was advised by a personnel director to shave 10 years off her age. You asked for an answer to the widow's question, "Why does industry refuse to hire women over 40?" As a secretary who began her career at 37 (22 years ago) I believe I can answer.

Many companies, especially large organizations who offer fringe benefits, are reluctant to hire older people because the benefit programs are underwritten by insurance contracts which have a maximum age limit for new employees—usually 35. Taking on employees over 35 increases the cost of the program.

Then there's a second reason that isn't discussed in polite business society, but it's very real. The men WANT younger women around the office—not older ones. They may scream about inefficient,

lame-brained, wet-behind-the-ears, dumbbells who can't spell, can't punctuate, can't get in on time, and so on, yet they continue to hire the cute young things with their high bosoms and tight skirts. The grey-haired, motherly types with 18 years' experience are told, "Sorry. We have nothing for you."

— P. I. C.

Dear P. I. C.: Wow and thank you. . . . Dear Ann Landers: I've been in my room crying for an hour. My eyes are so swollen I can hardly see to write this letter.

Last night I had some kids over. (We are all between 16 and 17.) Bill (a boy I like a lot) told a joke that had some not-so-nice words in it but everybody knows what they mean. That very minute my dad walked in. He was in the next room and heard everything. I almost died when I saw him.

Dad said, "Who told that joke?" Bill answered, "I did.

Anything in it you didn't understand, Clyde?" All the kids laughed. My dad got real mad and said, "We don't allow that kind of talk in this house, young man. There's the door." He took Bill by the arm and ushered him out.

The kids were flabbergasted and left right away. My party was ruined. I'll bet they'll never come here again. I know Bill is through with me for good.

My dad is not mean or prudish. I never saw him act like this before. How can I square this with the kids? Please help me.—AGNES

Dear Agnes: I don't see that you have anything to square. Foul language is out of place in decent company. Bill is the one who should square things.

If Bill doesn't come around anymore you haven't lost a thing. He sounds like a wet wick to me.

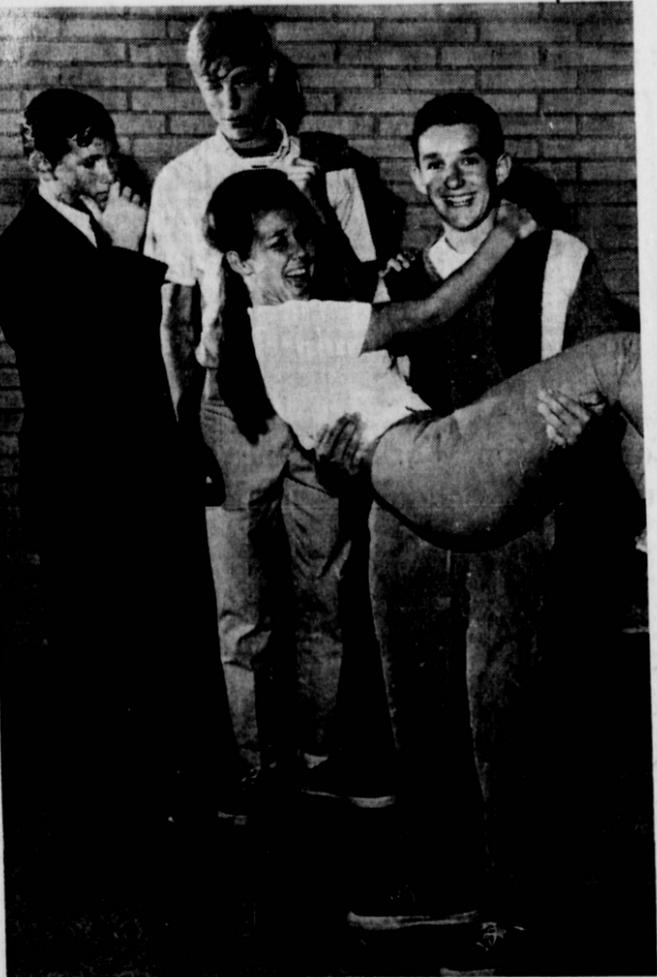
Dear Ann: My sister and her husband were divorced many years ago. Neither has remarried.

Their eldest daughter was married in a beautiful church ceremony last week. The bride came down the aisle on her father's arm. The bride's mother was seated in the first row. When the minister asked, "Who giveth this woman in marriage?" the bride's father answered in a loud voice, "I do."

He has not been a real father to that girl for years. Her mother raised the girl with very little help from anyone. Don't you feel that he should have answered, "Her mother and I do." — JUST WONDERING

Dear Just: Sorry, but the father of the bride gives his daughter in marriage. And the response to the question should be the traditional one regardless of the circumstances.

Do you lean on cigarettes as a social crutch? You may regret it later. Send for ANN LANDERS' booklet, "Teen-age Smoking," enclosing with your request 10 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. C 1965, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate



WHAT'S GOING ON? . . . Bill Hassig and Bill Mooneyham, both of Torrance, have a bewildered look on their faces as Betty Allen of Hawthorne winks after capturing her man, played by Duane Lyons of Torrance. The four young adults are featured in the musical-comedy "Good News," to be presented this weekend at Torrance High School. A cast of 70 will perform under the sponsorship of the Torrance Recreation Department.

'Good News' Cast Ready For Three Performances

Weeks of memorization, stage blocking, and rehearsal come to an end this week as "Good News," a nostalgic musical comedy of the Roaring Twenties, is presented at Torrance High School auditorium, 2200 W. Carson St.

Sponsored jointly by the Los Angeles County Recreation Department, the production features over 70 young adults, acting, singing, dancing and making music. Performances are scheduled tomorrow at 2 p.m. and Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m.

Chuck Slater, chairman of the drama department at Torrance High, is general director. Rounding out the production staff are Ronald Large and Donnelly Fenn of the music department at West High School and Miss Dawn Steadman, choreographer, of the Torrance Recreation Department.

Terry Reiley, in reality a sophomore at El Camino College, portrays Tom, a collegiate football player who will be barred from the year's biggest game unless he gets a 76 on an astronomy exam.

Miss Shirley John, a senior at Torrance High, appears as Connie, the astronomy "tutor" eyes of Tomtaoingktaoinoin Tom's eyes.

Tickets are priced at 75 cents for children and \$1.50 for adults and may be purchased at Joslyn Recreation Center, 3335 Torrance Blvd., or at the door the evenings of the performance.

"The show represents the pioneer effort to provide new ideas in entertainment for the community, and we believe it will prove to be the first of many wonderful musical summers," commented Jim Armstrong, production coordinator.

Northrop Gets Contract For Underwater Research

Northrop Corporation's Nortronics Division, Palos Verdes Peninsula, has been selected by the Navy as the prime management and engineering support contractor for an extensive underwater research and redevelopment program designed to provide new methods and equipment for deep sea rescue and recovery operations and oceanographic investigation.

Designated as the Deep Submergence Systems Project (DSSP), the five-year, multi-million dollar program is aimed at improving Navy capabilities in four basic undersea operations: speedy recovery of survivors of submarine disasters; creation of deep ocean bases where divers may live and work for weeks at a time; recovery of large ships sunk deep below the surface of the ocean; and the development of a submersible, manned vehicle which can recover aerospace components and conduct oceanographic investigations at a depth of 20,000 feet.

As the systems engineering support contractor, Northrop Nortronics will assist the Navy's Special Projects Office in the management, integration and coordination of all phases of the deep submergence program. This will include establishment of criteria for the design of all

personnel and analysis of performance and missions.

SPECIFIC OBJECTIVES of the project are:

• World-wide recovery of personnel from "bottomed" or otherwise distressed submarines within 24 hours of receipt of a disaster signal. This will be accomplished through the development of small, submersible rescue vehicles and improvement of "escape" techniques.

The 12 to 14 man capacity rescue craft will be capable of diving to at least present submarine collapse depths and will be able to rescue personnel from submarines trapped under polar ice caps. Both crew and craft will be air transported to a base near the scene of the disaster and will operate from a specially modified nuclear submarine.

As a secondary mission, these vehicles will be used for general oceanographic purposes which will serve to maintain their readiness to respond dependably in the event of a submarine disaster.

Included in this objective is the improvement of present escape techniques which will enable submariners to safely depths down to 600 feet and rise to the surface without outside assistance.

• EXTENSION of the Navy's current "man-in-the-sea" program which would permit free swimming divers to do useful work on the ocean floor at ever increasing depths for days or weeks at a time. The ultimate aim of the program is to give man the capability of free ranging, completely autonomous existence on the ocean floor to depths of 800 feet and for periods as long as 90 days.

To accomplish this, the deep submergence project will concentrate on improvements ranging from the development of new diving techniques to the creation of large undersea shelters to serve as a base for the divers.

• DEEP OCEAN investigation and recovery of small objects from the ocean floor at depths down to 20,000 feet. The primary system to be developed under this objective will be a manned submersible vehicle which can search for, locate and recover relatively small objects weighing less than 10 tons. Initially a test vehicle will be built that can operate at 6,000 feet, followed by four 20,000-foot vehicles expected to be operational in 1970 or 1971.

A primary mission of these vehicles will be the recovery of aerospace components from the Atlantic and Pacific missile test ranges.

COUNT MARCO SAYS

No Woman Can Change a Man

A very funny woman said, "Now that women can earn their own living and are no longer financially dependent upon heard-working males, they are in a good position to demand that men improve themselves and become gentlemen, in order to reap their favors."

Isn't that a laugh? With millions of unmanly women in this country, it's strictly a catch - as - catch - can business. Many of you in sheer desperation grab the first man that doesn't hold out long enough to think it over twice, and then you resume you can squeeze him into the mold you hide behind your back. Forget it.

There isn't a woman alive who can change a man. You can refine him, polish him, but never can you change him. Man, being a much more intelligent creature than woman, may let you think you've changed him because it's much easier on his nerves

and your tongue, but in reality he's being himself with some other woman.

In France they've opened up a school for gentlemen—run by women, naturally. They figure that in three months they can completely change an uncouth male into what they gloatingly call a "redoubtable seductuer," which means a fearsome, awesome seducer of women.

That's a gentleman? A true gentleman is a man who is courteous, gracious, considerate, and gentle, which is a far cry from being an awesome seducer of women. But then, the French always did have strange ideas.

Fortunately for you women, few if any of your men need to attend a school to learn how to be true gentlemen. The only trouble is that in today's world of competition, the American male doesn't have as many opportunities to practice, let alone prove he is a true gentleman, in every sense of the word. There are

so few women on whom they can sharpen their edges, so to speak.

Here is a secret I pass on to you for what it's worth. No man to my knowledge has ever made improper advances, used foul language or in any way mistreated a real woman.

As my aunt the Contessa says, "It takes a woman to make a man a gentleman." Gentlemen are not born, they are made. But being a mother doesn't necessarily make you woman. In order to teach, you must learn your job first.

Need you go to school to be a woman? No, no more than a man to be a gentleman. It is not necessary. You always have my column to guide you daily. And you have your natural instincts, which, like anything else unused, gets rusty and dormant, but are still there waiting to be awakened and put to work.

Wake them up. If you treat him as a gentleman, he'll treat you as a woman.